TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 25.

SUFFCRIFTION TO THE EVENING EDITION

VOL. 29.....NO. 10,171 Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class

BRANCH OFFICES.
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1267 BROADWAY, between 31st and 32d sts., New YORK
BROOKLYN - 359 FULTON ST. HARLEM - News

Department, 150 East 125TH ST.: Advertisements at 237 East 115TH ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.— LEDGER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH 6TH ST. WASH-INGTON-610 14TH ST. LONDON OFFICE 37 COCKSPUR ST., TRAPALGAR

FREE MESSENGER SERVICE.

VERY OFFICE OF THE MUTUAL DISTRICT TELEGRAPH COMPANY IS AUTHORIZED TO ACCEPT "WANTS" FOR THE WORLD. Every Eutual District Call Fox can be used for

FOR MESSENGER SERVICE. All Messenger Boys of the Mutual Dis-trict Company are Provided with RATE CARDS and will take WORLD Advis, at

this purpose and NO CHARGE will be made

LOCATION OF

Mutual District Messenger Co.'s Offices.

Unimpeachable Testimony!

After a thorough examination of the circulation books, Press and Mail Room Reports, and newsdealers accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the receipted bills from the various paper companies which supply THE NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the indorsed checks given in payment therefor, we are convinced, and certify, that there were PRINTED AND ACTUALLY CIRCULATED during the month of March, 1889, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDED AND TWENTY 10, 709, 520, COMPLETE COPIES OF "THE WORLD." 7th May, 1889

W. A. CAMP, Manager of the New York Clearing-House. O.D. BALDWIN, Fres. of the American Loan and Trust Company. THOS. L. JAMES, Fres. of the Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM. 31)10,709,520(345.468 The average No. of WORLDS printed

duity during the Month of March Last 345,468.

Average daily Circulation during 345,808 Copies!

SCIENTIFIC ROBBERY.

The monopolistic spirit is running mad at he present time. New schemes for plunder ing the people are developed daily.

Monopoly and speculation are in league. The worst element of Wall street is rampant again. The greed of these financial cormo. are a poorer medium for the sapression of his

The very acme of scientific robbery is attained when, after the formation of an iniquitous, unscrupulous Trust, the value of the stock is inflated beyond all semblance of its intrinsic worth, and it is then placed upon the market as the football of stock gamblers. Not satisfied with forcing up and thereby exacting tribute from the helpless people, the stock is thrown out as a decoy to catch the eye of the unwary and invite investment at fancy prices.

And when the bubble bursts, as burst it must, the monopolistic gamblers fatten their

purses upon the dire distress of the weak. How long must this brazen system of scientific modern robbery endure?

NO BAFETY ANYWHERE.

The dangers that beset the pathway of the pedestrian in this city are innumerable. If their lives are not menaced in one way they are in another. A newly discovered method of torture made its appearance yesterday. It was the gasoline lamp of a workman in a subway trench.

While standing on Broadway near Nineteenth street, engaged in conversation with a friend, all unconscious of impending dander, Mrs. Tooken's dress was discovered to be on fire, and she narrowly escaped fright. ful injuries. Her skirts had ignited from the flame of a lamp carelessly held by a man working in the trench at the edge of the from smoking all night?

Merritt-No. He said it was because he

The dangers of the wilderness rale into a leathering. lesignificance compared to the besetting perils to life and limb in this complicated but easy-going metropolis.

GOING TO MEET HER HUSBAND.

Mrs. WHITELING, who to-day expiates on the scaffold in Phitadelphia the crime of killing her husband and several children by poison, is reported to be looking forward to a joyful reunion with her husband. Just

fest why, if Mr. Whiteling was good TERTHING CORDIAL. Price 15 cents.

enough to be an angel, his wife did not enjoy his society here is a perplexing conundrum. It belongs in the elongated list of those things that nobody knows.

WHO ARE THE GUILTY PARTIES?

Mayor CHAPIN, of Brooklyn, has issued a manifesto reciting that certain officials, clothed with authority to perform the marriage ceremony, have committed serious irregularities in connection therewith. He warns them against a continuance of the illegal practices.

It is a singular fact that the Mayor refuses to disclose the names of the guilty parties. Is this not queer conduct for an official? If any of the magistrates in Brooklyn have violated the law by not making the statutory inquiries of those desiring to be married they should be held responsible for their miscon-

Mayor Charm is setting a bad example. In shielding the guilty magistrates is he not as culpable as they?

A WOMAN'S GRIT,

Of a woman's will it has been truly said : 'When she will, she will, and there's an end on't; when she won't, she won't, and you may depend on it." This was exemplified at Mount Vernon yesterday.

Mrs. Powers and Mrs. STORES engaged in a colloquial encounter, in which the former showed the sharpest powers of speech. Wounded by her cutting remarks, Mrs. STORES had Mrs. Powers arrested for defamation of character.

The Justice adjudged that the defendant pay a fine of \$5 or go to jail for five days. Adopting Charles Cotesworth Pinckney's immortal words, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," as her motto, Mrs. Powers went to fail rather than pay the fine. There's grit for you.

WILDER'S BOOK.

THE PROPER THE SMILED WITH BROOM ACTIONS OF A MERRY LITTLE LIFE. By MARSHALL P. WIL

DER. (Cassell & Co. : New York.) Every man-about-town and a good many others, society men and women, know well the quaint little fester who here tells in a book of

those with whom he has smiled. The book has an admirable send-off in an in troduction by Col. John A. Cockerill, of THE WORLD. Marshall P. Wilder was handicapped n the race of life by a crooked spire. Happily he decided that it would only make matters worse If he let his temper become warped, too. So he has steadily cultivated a bright, sunny way of looking at things, and his gift as a reconteand merry-maker has brought him a comfortable income and kept his soul unwarped.

This book is a most cheerfully optimistic secord of what he has done; whom he has met and whom he likes. There is not one barsh word in it from beginning to end; not one thing that isn't rose-colored.

The plucky little man went over to England to make a break for the slow Britons. He cap tured that society regulator who makes successes by his royal approbation, and Marshall has nothing but good words for the Prince of

He does not say so many very brilliant things. Bon mots and impromptu sparks are not the sort of thing that Wilder is billed for. But he always makes you laugh, and the man who car do that is a blessing to humanity.

One thing he says that is good enough to be repeated because it shows an insight into humanity. He says that men like nothing better than being well talked to about something they know. So Wilder does not shrink from a chestnut. He only takes care to put it in a new burr, me of his own providing.

The book is neatly gotten up in a pale green and terra cotta cover, and there are three portraits of the little humorist. One where he isn't furny, one where he is going to be, and the third | The Events Worth's call, we should all try to where he has got there.

Everybody can enjoy the good-natured, optihimself and his successes, though cold type humor than the sparkling eye, mobile face and genial smile of the small man himself.

A Gorgeous Billfard Room.

An architect of large experience says that nothing in the country compares with the billiard room of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt. It is a Moorish room opening out of the great Francis I. banquoting room, and is described by a New York correspondent of the Chicago Iner Ocean as follows: 'The walls are wainscotted in 5-feet-wide old Moorish tiles brought from Spain, rich with iridescent dyes and peacock's eyes lustre, a secret that modern cuamels have never recovered. "Above the wainscoting the wails are of papier mache, modelled in designs segured

from the Albambra twenty years ago by Mr. B. M. Hunt, a favor not granted since by the Spanish Government. There have been plemy of models since secured with geometreal precision by calipers and cunning in-struments, but these show the blunted an-gles and softened lines of the original, and as they are colored with the same tints have that charm which the greater precision would

not give.

"The doors and ceiling are of butternut, elaborately ornamented with Moorish interlaced work. The mantel and the fire-facings of the horseshoe arch are of Mexican onyx, of the horseshoe arch are of mexican onyx. and a series of only columns above the man-tel-breasts make niches where the cues and other necessary solids and liquids of a billiardcom are kept. Opposite the mantel is a countain secured in a niche where the water reaks in spray over silver ribs with beauti-

The window of the room is in itself a "The window of the room is in insert a notable feature. It is filled with perforated ornaments, and behind this is a large onyx, so thin as to be almost transparent. This is of butternut, inlaid in Moorish designs, and in keening are chairs and divais. Adand in keeping are chairs and divans. Ad-joining is a Moorish toilet-room, lined with Moorish tiles, with the fixtures in onyx."

Why He Was Glad.

Merritt Your father said he was glad you stuffed that toothpick in the stem of his

pipe. Little Johnnie-Was it because it kept him had been waiting for some excuse to give you

Johnnie's Generosity.

Mrs. Brown -How did you come to give your sister the big apple and keep the little one for yourself!
Little Johnnie—'Cause there was a worm

A Treasure.

"The most expensive autograph I have." said the collector, "is this. If is the signawhere she expects to find him is not stated. ture of Bob Boniface, who keeps a hotel at but as all murderers announce their intention Saintoga. It cost me 7100 a week for three of coinc direct to heaven, it is probable that weeks. The out runsite part of it is that I it is her expectation that she will meet him two cents a pound."

And the Babes Themselves Are Helping It Grow.

We Shall Have-That Free Doctors' Corps Started in Due Season.

Let Everybody Help On the Good Cause by Their Contributions.

The Steckler Brothers Send in Substantial Sympathy This Morning.

	THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.	
The second secon	THE EVENING WORLD. Already seknowledged. Afred and Chas. Steckler. Dick. W. A. B. G. Helen. C. E. Collected by Lillie Cohn and Ivabella. McGovern. Kate A. Ruehl. A. B. Laurie, Cammie and Robbie.	\$100.00 956,95 25,00 1,00 1,00 1,00 0,00 1,00
J		

Generous Steckler Brothers. Is the Editor of The Evening World Please accept the inclosed \$25, our con ribution towards THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Children's Fund. It is a most worthy and commendable undertaking, and deserves the

full support of a charitable public. ALPRED AND CHARLES STECKLER. Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law. 47 Centre street, June 25.

Dick's \$2. To the Relator of The Evening World : I send \$2 to the "Sick Babies' Fund."

Now Let Us Henr from "C." Please find inclosed \$1 for Sick Babtes'

82 with Good Wishes. for of The Evening World : Inclosed you will find \$2 for the Babies Fund. Hoping you will succeed, I remain,

yours. KATE A. RUEBL. Two Little Girle' Collections. To the Editor of The Exening World We are two little girls, and, knowing every little helps, we have collected \$3 among our

few friends for the Sick Babies' Fund.

LILLIE CORN. 479 Avenue B. ISABELLA MCGOVERN, 203 West Sixty-first street,

In Memory of a Babe in Heaven. To the Editor of The Evening World: In memoriam of my baby in heaven I send the inclosed dollar, hoping it may save some little baby to its loving mather. New York, June 23.

Their Money for the Fourth.

Fothe Editor of The Evening World :
Please accept our mite for the sick babies, This is our money for the Fourth of July. We send it to the sick bables instead. LAURIE, CAMMIE, ROBBIE.

IN TOPICAL SONG.

The Evening World? Free Doctors' Fund Advocated at the Casino.

The following stanza has been introduced into Solomon's topical song, rendered nightly to large audiences, in the third act of ' The Brigands," at the Casino. The sentiment's O. K., except that we've no doubt Mr. Gould would be glad to contribute to the fund if it was brought to his attention :

If we've got it. treat.

Each sum they receive, will the funds help to Now matter how small, every nickel will tell; J-y G-d thought he'd send them one hun

But he forgot it.

BEACONSFIELD AND THE PRIMROSE,

They Were Not His Favorite Flowers Although So Supposed. It is a popular idea that the late Lord Beaconsueld was particularly devoted to prim-

oses, and on the 18th of April many Englishmen still wear the bright little yellow "firsthng of Spring" in memory of the famous statesman. The fact is, however, that he eared no more for primroses than for dandelions, the gardenis, if anything, being his favorite flower; and a Mr. Escott tells us that one day, as he was strolling with Lord Bea one day, as he was strolling with Lord Bea consfield through the lovely grounds of Hughenden, he happened to remark that the peacecks had pecked away the routs of the primroses, at which my Lord said, "Yes, it is said; but to tell the truth. I prefer peacecks to primroses."

How, then, asks the American Agriculturist, did the blossom come to be associated with his name? It is said to have occurred in the following manner.

following manner:
On the day of Lord Beaconsfield's funeral the Queen sent an immense wreath of prim-roses to be placed upon his coffin; and on a card attached she wrote. "His favorite flower!" This tribute of royalty with the flower!" This tribute of royalty with the accompanying inscription naturally attracted much attention and was the beginning of the primress craze. But the truth was, Her Majesty was not thinking about Lord Beaconsfield at all when she wrote the words, but had the Prince Consort in her mind, as he was really extremely fond of primroses, and it was his predilection she was remembering rather than that of her distinguished subject.

New to the Business.

A newly elected justice of the peace not a thousand miles from Milford delivered the following charge to the jury the other day: Goutlemen of the Jury : Charging a jury is a new business to me, as this is my first case. You have heard all the evidence in the case as well as myself; you have also heard what he learned counsel have said. If heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the learned counsel for the plaintiff has fold you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them said, then I'll be it I know what you will do. Constable, take charge of the jury."

Had One.

Prom the Betrait Free Press. 1. 'Have you any particular object in loading around here?" asked the centractor of a new building of en idler who was in the way.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply, "Well, what is it?" "I want to dodge my creditors, and they will never think of looking for me where there is any work going on."

JUDGE M'DOUGALL AWARDS THE TWENTY DOLLAR GOLD PIECE TO "GURNEY."



Milow Mead (visiting New York for the first me — I'm pretty certain he said he w son the axth floor, and I'd like ter see 'm mighty bad; ut I'll be darmed if he'll ketch me a breaking

THE JUDGE'S COMMENTS.

In awarding the prize to the above illustrated oke as the best one produced by the contest, I wish to express some surprise that none of the professional "comic artists" have contributed o my misery as judge. The joke selected for the prize bears more indications of real humor, open and unconcealed, than any of the large number submitted for my perusal, and which have enriched our pages from time to time without regard to expense. In our journey way as frequently as possible, and Mr. Gurney s to be congratulated upon the possession o the ture brand of American humor, which arouses dormant and torpid smiles and lightens the burden of existence, as well as snatches the wenty-dollar gold pieces-

WALT McDougall.

MAIL SENT BY ELECTRICITY. Can They Be Carried from Here to Boston in Sixty Minutes ?

Within a twelvemonth from the present late, says the Boston Herald, mails will be carried from Boston to New York city in sixty minutes. So say the capitalists who are naking arrangements for the establishment of a transport line on the so-called "port-electric system" for the convenience of let-

electric system" for the convenience of letters and packages between the metropolis and the modern Athens. Even the least sauguine backers of the enterprise are confident that if the expected public support is given to the scheme not more than two years will be required at most for the establishment of the necessary plant in running order to bring the two centres of population within an hour's distance by post.

The said plant will resemble, as to its most essential part, a little elevated railway supported on a single line of tall iron uprights, and stretched from the post-office here to that on the Island of Manhattan. Along the track on top runs a small car laden with mail freight, which at certain intervals during its transit is seen to go under queer-looking box-shaped arches. These box-like arrangements contain each one a coil of wire. rangements contain each one a coil of wire, passing beneath the rai, below and around over the arch, so that the moving mul car-rage runs, as it were, through a succession of coiled wire hoops. And these latter communicate the motive power to the vehicle.

The speed to be amnined by the car in this manner is incalculable. As is recognized in mechanics, a constant repelling torce is pronetive of nearly animite velocity, obstructed only by the resistance of friction. In this system the only friction comes from the air and the slight contact of the car with the rails. Two bundred and fifty miles an hour is not thought to be an over-estimate of the speed easily to be compassed by the port-electric despatch. At the starting point the wire coils will have to be close together and on un-grades, but elsewhere and especially tween, the motive power needed being slight. Six stations, placed at intervals be-tween here and New York, will supply the

requisite currents from dynamos.

Many experts think that the system is destined to revolutionize the postal service in this country. For instance, it is expected that instead of mail hours apart between Bos ton and New York carriages will be sent over the tracks from either end of the line at fiveminute intervals, thus rendering unnecessary the waiting for mails to close and giving eco-ple in one city an apportunity to read their letters two bours after they are written in the

Once prove the notion a success here and it will be quickly adopted everywhere. By ap-plying it on a larger scale, too, who knows that it may not serve for the transportation of passengers some day? At the rate of 250 miles an hour one could put a girdle around the earth in four days. Truly, it is a wonderful century we live in.

They Knew flow to Fight. Moon the Springheld Republican.

Gen. Gordon, now Governor of Georgia, whose solderly appearance and suburb horse. manship were so universally admired during the creat centennial parade, was the recipient of much hospitality from the New York people during his stay in the city. At a dinner to which he was invited, a young Englishman, a lieutenant in the "guards," possessed with the idea that there was nothing very good or greatout of England, informed him that he dut not think the solders in the

that he did not think the solders in the parado presented a military appearance.

"Perhaps not," courteously replied Gov. Gordon, "but when it comes to fighting there was more desperate fighting and there were more men killed and wounded during our last war than there have been in all the wars of England from the time of William the Conqueror." The Engli-hman did vot gain much by presuming moon the want of love of Gov. Gordon for the soldiers of the North.

Labor Saving Proposition.

"Well, Johnny, I shall forgive you this time, and it's very pretty of you to write a letter to say you're sorry."
"Yes, na; don't tear it up please."
"Why, Johnuy?"
"Because it will do for the next time."

Appearances Are Deceptive. Wife (sitting in the sand) - How grandly beautiful the ocean is this morning. John! I

good deal bet er than it t-t-tastes. Make No Mistake If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsa-

parilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a presider medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior : any other article of the kind before the people. He sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

PRIZE ILLUSTRATED JOKE. THEY ALL CONDEMN IT.

Nothing Good Said of the Huckleberry Railroad.

Suffering Untowners Ask "The Evening World" to Help Them.

The Railroad Not Even as Good Now as It Was Thirty Years Ago,

The efforts of THE EVENING WORLD in behalf of the long-suffering patrons of the soralled " Huck of erry Road." in the Annexed District, are meeting with grateful apprec's tion from the people who live in the vicinity of Fordham and West Farms. The worst portion of the route is that which

was described the other day in The Evenino World. It runs from One Hundred and Seventieth street, the terminus of the Suburban Rapid-Transit line, to Fordoam, a distance of about two miles. It is on this section of the route, extending

south to the Harlem Bridge along North Third avenue, that the miserable accommodations described are furnished to passengers and the annoying delays occur daily, and where overworked horses cause a throl of pain to every citizen who sees them.

mour in the locality for which the road is supposed to furnish public accommodations, that it is the worst managed concern in the country. No one has a good word to say for it, and

The opinion seems to be practically unani-

complaints are so numerous and frequent against the management that they have become an old story, and those who have been through life we are cautioned to smile by the | unable to get satisfaction have been obliged to grin and bear it, or patronize the New York Central.

A reporter of THE EVENING WORLD visited Fordham yesterday and interviewed a number of its citizens upon the subject of the "Huckleberry road " and the accommodations it furnishes to the public.

The result fully bears out the charges made by "A Victim" in his indignant letter published in The Evening World last Friday. "I was one of the original stockholders in this road," said an old gentleman, who did not want his name published to the reporter, "and I can assure you it does not furnish as good accommodations to the residents of his neighborhood as it did thirty years ago, when it was loud.

his neighborhood as it did thirty years ago, when it was huilt.

"It is hardly possible to believe this, but it is the truth. Then, at least, we had new cars and a good read-bed, and the cars were run on schedule time.

"Now some of the cars are unfit for use. The tracks are all out of order, and in the evening especially passengers are subjected to frequent delays of from half an hour to an hour ions."

our long."
"Why do the people who are compelled to "Why do the people who are compelled to patronize the road submit to this?"
"Because they caunot help themselves. No attention is paid to complaints, and a great many have now abandoned travel on the road altogether.

"In the day time at this season of the year the accommodations are half-way respectable, but it is in the winter time and in the night that the Company is careless of its passengers.

passengers.
"The rule is that every third car from the The rule is that every third car from the bridge shall go through to Fordham; but in the late hours of the night sometimes eight or tin cars will be started without a single one going through to the Fordham terminus. Passengers are kept standing by the road-side, for there is no shelter provided for them, for an hour at a time. What annoy-ances they suffer in rainy weather and in the Winter time can be imagined.

'I have travelled in some of the cars where

the roofs were so leaky that passengers had to put up their umbrellas inside. "In the night time I have seen them using horses that could hardly stand, and poor,

horses that could hardly stand, and poor, broken-down brutes that were fit subjects for the bone-yard,
"I could tell you whole chapters about their abuses, but I think I have said enough. I have read the articles in The Evening World, and I hope you will keep it up. These things ought to have been shown up

ten years ago."
Philip Duffy, who keeps the hotel at Fordham, was very outspoken in his opinions,
"The Huckleberry Road," he said, "is one
of the worst managed lines I ever heard of,
and I don't wonder that the people hereabouts are down on it. I have given up patronizing it.
"Everybody is waiting for the Suburban

to come through, and meanwhile they patronize the steam cars and pay 15 cents fare to the Grand Central Depot. They have some good horses in their stables, but they don't use them in the night.

"My wife once made a complaint against a driver who was beating a poor disabled horse one night and had him discharged. I wonder the papers have never taken the matter in hand before. Fordham people would appreciate it.

to copie through, and meanwhile they patron

hand before. Fordham people would appreciate it.

"In the Winter it is simply terrible. The ears run off the track a half a dozen times each trip, and there is no end of delay and meonvenience. Jimmy Kerrigan, the Superintendent, is a fluc young fellow, but he can't do anything when the Company does not back him no."

A. B. Marshall, a Fordham business man, said: "I only use the 'Huckleberry' in a case of extreme necessity. If a man wants his neck jolted off, he couldn't find a better way then to take a trip over the line in one of the short cars.

"A great many people are obliged to use the line, and at some hours the cars are

erowded, with passenge a hanging on all over. They have a terrible lot of horses, and wonder at it, considering how they They say they don't want to make any

They say they don't want to make any improvements now, because the Suburban is going to widen North Third avenue, and they are going to wait until after the street has been graded. They should have done it a dozen years ago."

N. S. Wilson, manager of the express office at Fordham, sa'd: "It is the meanest and slowest road in the country. They ought to airs better agrouppedations, and would have slowest read in the country. They ought to give better accommodations, and would have been compelled to do so if the people around here had gone to work energetically. The Company pays a big dividend every year, I understand." [About 16 per cent. - Rgr.]

E. B. Hoover said: "I have travelled twice on the road and I never want to try it again. The horses were wind-broken and had the heaves so bad you could hear them half a mile off. The driver had to lash them all the time to make them go."

all the time to make them go."

R. Pilwicky, who keeps a but store, said:
"I came up the other uight and had to wait
more than an hour at One Hundred and
Seventi-th street. I shall not try it again in hurey."
Here is one of the many letters which THE

never aw such magnificent waves.

Husband (coming out of the water and spluttering somewhat)—Y-ya-as, it I-I-I-ooks EVENING WORLD has received upon the aub-ject from indigment residents of the annexed district: In the Editor of The Evening World

Some time last week I noticed an article in THE EVENING WOLLD on the dinfamous "Huckleberry Road, over the Bridge," and to "Huckleberry Road, over the Bridge," and to say I am surprised in not seeing more on the subject, is putting it mildly. Your reporter drew a true picture, but I have seen it still worse, a great many times. All that can be said of that road wit never remedy the evil, he-came a company which wit show such indifference to the terms of its charter, ever since its existence, will pay no more attention to public opinion that, a clam.

The most flagrant violation of their contract with the people is their neglect to keep the airect in proper repair, as I am tood their charter calls for.

Let your reporter go up there in the Winter or Sold by all druggists. \$7; sex for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. BOOD & CO., a pothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Spring, and if he does not wish be had brought a boat along he will be different from the rest of us.

Hoping that you will give this matter the same push, and so reach the success you do in everything you undertake. I remain (as yet).

ANOTHER SUFFEREE.

HUMAN NATUR'.

BY "THE EVENING WOLLD" POET. When things with a feller is boomin', And he carries a stiff upper lip: When he's healthy 'nd wealthy and so forth, And often remarks, "Let her rip.

He ain't in no siterwation Tu size up the crowd he is in. 'Nd kinder pick out the wheat from the chaff. The gold from the brass 'nd the tim-

With the biszin' sun of prosperity A shinin' right squar' in yer eyes, Of course you can't be expected to see A little black cloud in the skies, It ain't in the natur' of human That a feller who's had a good dinner Can enter intu the feelin's of some Poor, half-starved, penniless sinner.

It's puffictly natteral, also, Fer fellers who ain't seasick. Tu laugh at the wees and sorrows of those Whose stomachs are raisin' Old Nick. It's easy to tell a poor critter Tu " brace up," especially when It don't cost a cent tu show yer intent,

Tu sorter encourage poor men. But let Dame Fortune once hit ye A swat 'longside of yer head, And then proceed to stomp on ye

Till y' wish to the Lord y' was dead.



You'll find that the fellers who allers Were pattin y' nice on the back Before y' went down, will turn with a frown And give y' the very wust whack.

If you want to find out what a man is And bring out his naterral tone. Take riches away from a millionaire gay And set a poor man on his throne. It won't take 'em long, I imagine, Tu show what they're made of, 'nd then If out of their place they'll soon about face And find their own level again.

It's a mighty tuff way to git wisdom, But lessons once learned that way, Although they come high, cause many a sig Are worth all they cost, for they stay, Sometimes we poor human creeters Git cranky and troubled with gall. But find when a tumble larns us to be humble,

We ain't no great shakes arter all. WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY. A Mutual Recognition.



First Citizen-Soldier (after an auniversary elebration)-Hullo!

Second Citizen-Soldier-Hullo! First Citizen-Soldier—Ole Guard, N' York? Second Citizen-Soldier—Yep. Ansh'n 'n' Hon'rable, Roston? First Citizen-Soldier—Yep. Both—Shake. Keeping Up Appearances.

"My dear," said Mrs. Dennis, "I want to get a yachting suit." "Heavens!" said Mr. Dennis. "What's that for? Why. I haven't got a yacht."
"I know it." replied his wife. "but Mrs.
Slasher has a suit, and it will never do to let
her get shead of me."

The Least of Two Evils [From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Weekly, "If you are so warm, dear," said a lady to her husband. "why don't you go down cellar? It's dry and cool there."
What! and have that blamed "What! and have that blamed gas meter stare me in the face? No. ma'am, I'll stand Only One Way.

Westerner-Yes, sir, I believe it is abso-

intely impossible to reform a horse thief,
Easterner-Nothing easier. Make a sailor
of him. Anticipated. [From the Burlington Free Press.]
First Tramp-Well, you are putty well used up! When they got after you, why didn't you take to your heels?

he dog took to 'em. A Hopeless Task. [From the Cloub and Suit Review.] Husband (100 years' hence, when women rule)-My dear, I expect to go to town today, it you could spare me a little cash—Wife (from bet)—Certainly, darling. You will find some loose change in my pocket.

Second Tramp-I couldn't pard. You see,

Met but to Part Forever. "He went right by without noticing us. I thought you knew him. Haven't you ever met?

No More Sales. (From the New Fort Westly,)
Confectionery and Ice Cream Man-We'll lose ten of our best customers next week.
Assistant-We will? Are they going to

Oklahoma?
"No; they're going to get married."

The Piscatorial Imagination Begins Work Promptly.

A Few Extraordinary Experiences for

the First Day's Instalment. Anaulas Himself May Be Able to Get

Pointers in This Column.

Here's a Good Starter. In the Editor of the Evening World:

I am not imaginative, and I trust that for the sake of fairness the contestants in the Fish Story Prize Race will be held down to truthful statements of fishing experience. Last Summer while I was taking my best girl for a ride on one of the iron steamboats to Long Branch, I discovered that my fine huuting-case, Raymond-movement, gold watch was gone from my fob. Of course my first thought was of pickpockets, but there was a big crowd of passengers, and it would

Well, last week I went down on the banks for a day's fishing. About the first thing that happened to me I pulled up a handsome big sea bass. I noticed that he was awfully fat and hard, but when the cook opened him at home, what do you think she found in that

be idle to search them all, and so I stood the

No, you needn't ring the bell. It's no chestnut. It wasn't the watch at all, but pawn ticket No. 9,999, and when I presented t to the pawnbroker I got back my property by paying him the sum loaned on my watch. MODEST FISHERMAN.

This Is Genuine. to the Editor of The Evening World:

This story is true and can be verified in New Rochelle. Two gentlemen were fishing for blackfish, and \$10 was wagered on the biggest fish caught. Each fisherman got a bite at the same moment and pulled up fishes that looked like twins. "How will we know mine from yours?" asked one. "Cut off a bit of his tail," said the other. It was done. When they came to weigh the fish the gentleman who had advised the tail-cutting won, his fish beating the other just by the weight of the amputated scrap of tail.

Two Lobsters at a Haul. To the Editor of The Evening World: Two hundred words are hardly enough to

tell a good fish story, so here is a little one which I hope will take the prize. I was fishing in Long Island Sound for striped bass and suddenly got a very strong pull. I hauled in a big lobster, which had one claw clutching the bait and held with his other claw a smaller lobster. It reminded me for all the world of a nurse taking a child out for walk. WALTER BANDS.

Awallowed a Jack-Knife. To the Editor of The Evening World

On the register of the Lewey Lake House, in the Adirondack Mountains, is this entry: 'Walter Harris, June 3, 1888, caught five lake trout, average weight nine pounds. N. B. -In one of them was a jack-knife that the fish had evidently picked up from the bottom of the lake."

A Tale From the Southern Seas.

to the Editor of The Evening World; I don't know much about fishing in these waters, but I have seen some curious aights in the Southern Seas. The most interesting was a fight between a swordfish and a shark. We were on board a brig and saw it all. The shark had been swimming around the vessel for a long time, and seemed to be hungry. Well, the swordfish came along and tried to stab the shark, which dodged. Then there was was such a flopping and flurry that we couldn't see much. After that they rested

awhile. The shark then dived down, and the next minute had bitten the swordfish in half and disappeared. The following day the captain baited a hook with a piece of salt pork and threw it overboard. Two hours later a shark was landed on deck. When we opened it we found inside the two halves of the swordfish. showing that it was the same shark, and had followed the vessel more than a hundred miles after killing its enemy. SINBAD.

(From the Cloak and Suit Review.)

'Miss Blondine," said Mr. Baxter to his typewriter. "my wife is coming down to the office to-morrow. Would it-er-be asking too much of you to-er-appear as awkward as possible?"
"Certainly not." replied Miss Blondine,
"and," she added thoughtfully." in order to
have no doubt about the matter. I will wear
a dress that buttons up the back."

An Effectual Disguise.

Canse and Effect. [From the New York Weekly,] Enamored Youth-Your father seems woried about something to-night.

Sweet Girl-Yes, poor pa has business cares.

Little Brother -That ain't it. He's mad because the big dog he bought didn't come.

Ladies' Suits. Substantial Bargains.

Gingham Suits, Sateen Suits. Bathing Suits! \$1.65.

White Suits, \$7.50, formerly \$12.00. White Suits, \$4.25, formerly \$6.50.

White Wrappers, \$1.70, formerly \$2.50. "Oh, ves. the last time he borrowed \$10 of Lord & Taylor,
Grand Street Store.